

# THE LIGUORIAN



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### READ WHAT THEY SAY

"The Liguorian is a splendid magazine. We enjoy reading it very much."

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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 4

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## "Father Forgive Them"

"Forgive them, oh my Father—"

Lord Jesus 'twas Thy cry,  
While sharp nails pierced Thy tender hands  
And feet, in agony.

Oh mercy ever boundless—

E'en at the last dark hour.

"Father they know not what they do."

Oh meekness born of power!

Lord in Thy great compassion

For sins of evil men,

Thou still couldst find within Thy Heart

To pardon them again.

They knew Thee not, my Jesus—

Our plea this cannot be.

Full well we knew that with each sin

We drove sharp nails in Thee.

Still in Thy wondrous bounty

We hope to find redress—

If we but hide within Thy Side

Our grief and bitterness.

Forgive us too, Lord Jesus,

As Thou didst those of yore.

Yet once again be merciful,

And save us, we implore.

—Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.

## Father Tim Casey

### STEP BY STEP

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Father Casey wasn't satisfied. True, the "Tre Ore" had been a success—a success far beyond anything he had ever before seen in St. Mary's. For three hours the Church had been packed with a crowd so dense that, when he ascended the pulpit three successive times to speak of the last words of our dying Saviour, he saw nothing but a sea of faces. Some of these faces were wet with weeping; some were white with sorrow, a sorrow too deep for tears; and all, without exception, were earnest, thoughtful, reverent. After watching in spirit with their dying Redeemer until He gave up the ghost, they had quitted the church and silently sought their homes. Now, the church itself was as empty and lonely as the empty, lonely tabernacle which looked out from the bare altar and funereal sanctuary. The breath of the recent congregation, the dampness rising from the wet, mud-streaked floor, the lingering hint of the incense used in the sad ritual of the morning, all combined to create a grave-like odor which filled the church as though it were a tomb.

Father Casey wasn't satisfied. He was satisfied with the good people. Why shouldn't he be so? Such a generous response! Such wholesouled cooperation! But he wasn't satisfied with himself. During these sacred and solemn days when he should have wished to attend to his own soul and think of nothing but the anguish of the suffering Saviour, his mind was agitated with a thousand cares for the souls of others. Even now, during the short breathing space between the "Tre Ore" of the afternoon and the sermon of the evening, he couldn't lose himself in contemplation of the tragedy of Good Friday as he should have wished. His thoughts had been so badly scattered he could not recall them. He knelt before the life-size crucifix in the center of the sanctuary and looked up into the drawn face of the dead Christ. All he could see was a spot where the paint was cracking and a dent in the left shoulder where a clumsy altar boy had bumped into it with a flower vase yesterday morning. He simply couldn't meditate. That is the main reason why, some ten or fifteen minutes later, he was seen standing in the fitful gusts of the cold March rain, rapping at the door of the Widow Moore's cottage.

"She, my dear old saint, lives so close to God and things supernatural, that a short talk with her will awaken in me the Good Friday spirit if anything in this world can," he said to himself.

Antoinette, the daughter-in-law, admitted him. Scarce six months ago he had married her to the widow's only son, Philip. On that occasion Father Casey had more than once asked himself: "Can this fun-loving 'flapper' bear the constant restraint of caring for a blind and bed-ridden mother-in-law? Isn't Philip Moore making a fatal mistake?"

However, the good priest had underestimated the attractiveness and silent power of genuine holiness. Antoinette fell under the spell. Never did child care for parent with more tenderness and solicitude than she ministered to the needs of her husband's mother.

When she opened the door to him, Father Casey saw that she had been crying. She spoke in a reverent whisper as though it were a church, and the most solemn moment of the service.

"Mother is in fearful pain," she said, "it began Holy Thursday morning and kept up through the night and all day today. She doesn't say—but I can see it. I do all I can for her—all she will let me. Father, God is so near her. I—I feel so unworthy—"

The priest nodded. He knew it would be so. Whether you call it a mere coincidence or a privilege Jesus granted this chastened soul of tasting something of the bitterness of His passion, the fact remained—Father Casey had noted it year after year—the blind woman underwent the very pangs of death every Holy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday.

"You have been thinking of the passion of our Lord during these sad days, have you not, mother?" he asked when he had blessed her and taken a seat at her bedside.

"Sure, your Reverence, how could a body think of anything else during this holy and blessed time?" she murmured.

"What do you consider the best way to meditate on the passion?"

"What do I consider the best way, is it? Sure 'twould be of no interest to Your Reverence to hear the foolish fancies of an ignorant old woman."

"But I should like to know."

His tone was all kindness and gentleness yet with just the faintest hint of a note of authority. That was sufficient. Hers was no false

humility, no cloak for hidden pride, for self will. It was genuine. While it effectually sealed her lips against ever willingly speaking a word of the interior lights and graces God gave her, it made her obedient to the wishes, not to say, the commands, of the priest of God.

"All I can say is how I do it myself, Father Tim."

"That is what I want to hear."

He understood the effort this would cost her, but he believed God gave her special graces that she might help the souls of others as well as her own.

She closed her sightless eyes, folded the thin hands that twitched with pain, and began:

"I do be telling Him, in my foolish way, that I'm too stupid to understand the great mystery of Him suffering and dying for the love of us, and too weak to offer Him any consolation—Him that an angel from heaven comes to console—but that I'd be staying by His Mother the while, and that maybe I, a woman, could bring a drop of comfort to her poor woman's heart and that maybe—maybe herself would be telling me something of what He suffered for the love of us."

"And so you were with her in spirit last night, Holy Thursday night, while Jesus and His Apostles were eating the Last Supper in the upper room," suggested Father Casey.

"I was with her from the time He came to tell her good-bye before beginning His passion. She put her arms about His neck, and well she knew that the next time she embraced that blessed body, it would be cold and rigid in death. Oh, wasn't she the brave one, standing there so firm and strong, though the tears were streaming down her cheeks and her poor heart breaking for sorrow.

"We waited together all the day until the night fell and He came with the twelve to the upper room. I wondered why herself couldn't be there with her own Son at the Last Supper, for who that had a better right. And I imagined that she showed me that Jesus was making priests of them there, and the privilege of being a priest was only for men. And I saw how she reverences them for their holy calling and how she, the Mother of God, would fall on her knees before any priest, even a bad one, because they have the power of changing bread and wine into the body and blood of her Son and of pardoning poor sinners in His name. I saw how she prays for them all, but she was praying most for Judas. Indeed, she kept up praying for him

until he hanged himself. On account of her prayers, he got a great grace just at the last moment, to stop him from the awful deed, but he rejected that grace, as he had rejected all the others, and threw himself into hell, in spite of Mary's prayers. I watched her at that blessed moment when Jesus took bread and said: 'This is My body,' and then it was no longer bread—it was Himself He held in His divine hands. I watched her, and I saw how reverent we ought to be during the Consecration, and I was very, very sorry for the distractful manner in which I had so often assisted at Holy Mass.

"They all left the supper room, and Jesus and the eleven went out to Gethsemane, and Judas went to the temple to sell his God. Mary saw his black design and kept praying for him, but he was so hard, all her prayers couldn't stop him. And while Judas was bargaining to get a price for selling his Friend and leading the soldiers out to the garden, my sweet Jesus was in a great agony, sweating blood. I wanted her to hurry out to comfort Him and wipe the clots from His dear face and eyes, or at least to call the apostles and tell them to stay awake and watch with Him the way Himself had asked them to do. But no, she knew it was the will of her Son to be totally abandoned, and she made the great sacrifice of staying there waiting, waiting, and her mother's heart breaking, while heaven and earth and hell went again Him.

"She knew the moment Judas kissed her Son—betrayed his Friend with a kiss. She wasn't hard again Judas even then; she prayed that he would repent of what he did so that Jesus could forgive him. The other apostles, who had all run off to save themselves and left their Master alone with His enemies, were terribly ashamed when they saw Him bound and led away by the soldiers. The only one that loved her enough to overcome his shame and come to tell her what happened, was John."

"I thought you said she had seen all that was passing," said Father Casey.

"Sure, Father Tim, dear, wouldn't her divine Son be after revealing everything to her the way He has done to many a soul that wasn't the half what she was to Him? But poor John couldn't know that, and so he came with the sad news as if it was all strange to her.

"All through the night I was with her. 'Twas not for poor, stupid me to attempt to console her in affliction so great that even the holy

angels trembled when they looked at her. So I just stayed beside her saying nothing or maybe sometimes stammering: 'Mother—Mother. Mary, Mother of my Lord.' They stripped Jesus and tied Him to the post. I saw the Blessed Mother hold her breath when the first soldier stepped up, gritted his teeth, and drew back the black, cruel whip to strike the first blow on the tender body of her Son. They beat Him, the way an angry man would beat a mule, four of them at a time, and when they were tired, four more, and when they were tired, four more, until you wouldn't know the mass of bleeding flesh was a man at all. Every stroke of the lash that lacerated His body, tore her loving heart. When they could beat Him no more, they cut the ropes and He sank to the ground in a pool of His own precious blood. But He might not rest. They kicked Him and cursed Him and forced Him to go and sit on the stone steps. They threw a dirty rag about His bleeding shoulders, put a reed in His hands and a crown of thorns on His head, and tied a cloth over His eyes, and mocked Him and struck Him and spat in his face. Oh, a thousand times rather would the Blessed Mother have those long thorns driven into her own brain than see them pierce the head of her Son. What a night of sorrow she passed, and how I pitied her. Still I dreaded to see the morning dawn, for I knew the bitterest trial of all was yet before her.

"After it was light and the crowd had gathered, Pilate led Him out before them to show how bad He looked and how bitter sore He had been bruised and torn. Mary recognized those among the rabble whom He had helped and comforted. How it grieved her when she heard them scream as loud as the rest: 'Crucify, crucify Him!' The weak and cowardly Pilate condemned Him. The Jews laid the cross upon His shoulder and with blows and kicks began to drive Him as you would drive a mad dog out of the town. I went with Mary to the spot where she waited for Him to pass. When they saw it was His Mother, they jeered at her and mocked her and then hurried on, leaving us to follow after, until they came to Calvary and tore off His clothes and threw Him down upon the cross. I longed to put my hands to her ears so that she would not hear the sickening sound of the hammer driving the nails through his hands and feet. But she would spare herself nothing. She stood so brave there beside the cross and watched Him—watched Him writhe in agony—watched Him die.

"Those loving arms of hers that held Him so tight when He was

a wee babe, now opened to receive His cold dead body. Those sweet hands that dressed Him as an infant, now wrapped the linen shroud around His corpse."

The blind woman lifted up her hands and groped about as though she could feel the gathering darkness.

"They're leading her out of the sepulchre," she said, "and rolling up the great stone to close its door. Oh, how lonely she'll be this night—and the morrow night. I'll not leave her one minute, my dear, lovely Queen, until she sees Him in His glory on Easter Morn."

As Father Casey hurried home through the darkness and the fitful gusts of cold, March rain, his heart was full of the spirit of the solemn Passiontide.

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### THE REMEDY

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Stoves and interest are some of our troubles also—poor mortals!

Judge Fawcett of New York, speaking of the prevalence of crime in our land, in a recent interview, declared:

"It is my opinion that society carries this heavy burden of criminality chiefly because of the lack of religious training of children.

"Along those lines may I note that during the past sixteen years more than 7,000 persons charged with crimes appeared before me? And the vast majority of them had a record of neglected childhood. More than 4,000 were between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years, and of that number only three were members of Sunday schools at the time of the commission of their crimes. The saving power of the Sunday school is indisputable.

"The church is the greatest character-building agency in the world; its teaching the most effective antidote for delinquency and crime."

When men of the world, men of affairs, of public standing, insist on it emphatically and often enough, perhaps the people at large will begin to see that religion is necessary for the good of the country.

Then, perhaps, they will understand the wisdom of the Catholic school.

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Beauty and all its fascinations wear away, but the person remains with all its defects.

## The Student Abroad

### A BIG DAY IN THE COUNTRY

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Rome is not the only place in Italy where grand celebrations take place; the charm of Italy's music and the brilliance of her color are not limited to the region within the ancient, reddish grey walls of the capital city. Each city, each little town that sits so proudly on the tops of the neighboring hills or clings stubbornly to the steep slopes or perchance hides itself cosily within the embracing arms of a friendly valley, has its fiesta, its day of days in the year. It may be that the town is the see of a Bishop, it may be that it has some important historical association the memory of which is kept alive throughout the hectic centuries by just such festivals as these. With its host of memories, religious, historical and artistic, ranging over the long years of its history, it is no wonder that such celebrations number legion. But that does not mean that the Italians are forever celebrating, though with their happy-go-lucky ways they might give that impression; the fiestas are for the most part local. The fever of the excitement extends through a town and the neighboring countryside, and remains there. One such event took place in the town of Frascati this year, on the occasion of the Fourth Centennial of the miraculous picture of San Salvatore which is venerated in the Cathedral of Frascati and as it seemed to be typical of such celebrations in Italy—or as much of it as I have seen—a description of the occasion with its truly fascinating setting may prove interesting.

To begin with, Frascati is not a village. From any prominent place in Rome—the top of one or the other of the larger hills, the flat roof of a tall building, or the cupola of St. Peter's—one can look away across the level fields that surround Rome on practically all sides, and are called by the generic name of Roman Campagna, and, amidst the dull, bluish haze of the Alban Mountains, can clearly discern the bright colors of several towns sharply outlined against the darker verdure of the forests and vineyards which clothe the hills. And of these brighter spots in the mantle of green, by far the largest, viewed even from that distance of some twenty miles, is Frascati. And even from that distance too, the unusually striking beauty of its situation is noticeable.

Located in the center of a gentle declivity in one of the mountains, the lines of development have followed for the most part, the various turns in the terrain of the hill.

As the distance intervening between Rome and the hills is lessened, the beauty of the hillside town becomes more and more impressive. The various levels of the city are seen to be supported by bastion-like supports, varying in height at different levels according to the curvature of the slope. The streets follow these levels like a constantly ascending inclined plane, not as in other old cities of Italy, where the streets become a long and difficult staircase when the ascent becomes very steep. And where other towns simply have long, grey stone walls rising probably fifty feet or more to the level of the town proper, Frascati uses every bit of the hill from the lowest section to the top without, however, crowding house upon house. There seems to be plenty of room for all, and to spare, for the grey walls are outlined usually against the green of garden shrubbery.

For variety of scenery, it can hardly be surpassed. What nature failed to do for the place has been more than made up by the best landscape artistry money and the prestige of noble names could procure. And what one age was unable to produce in the way of artistic talent another age brought forward, and Frascati and its inhabitants, rich and poor alike, were the gainers. It is only after one has come quite near the town that the bright-colored shapely buildings are seen for the most part to be the summer palaces of the nobility, or the new well-built modern hotels. And the interwoven lines of grey wall peering here and there through the shrubbery are seen to have more than a chance inter-relation, for the town as an artistic panorama has at least one essential of a masterpiece, unity of design. Through the narrow valley immediately below and in front of the town, the railroad and the more modern of the two interurban lines make their entrance; and that is all they make. Shortly after the passing of the first line of homes, their way is barred by sheer walls of rock rising to the highest level of the city. Back of the neat little station, a double balustrade of snow white stone, ascending in easy sections, like the grand staircase of a mansion, reaches to the main Piazza of the town and along its ornate stone railing and back for some twenty feet or more, a grove of trees extending clear across the front of the town shelters the public promenade. Back of this, another garden ornamented with the War Memorial

erected in honor of the citizens who fell in the world war, leads directly to the main gate of the Villa of Prince Aldobrandini. Back of the gate, the lane of carefully trimmed trees, leads sharply up a steep hill to another series of inclined planes which lead gradually to the level of the palace and at the same time, with their stone fronts, grey with age and classically severe in their lines, lend an impressive setting to the central point of interest, the palace itself.

To the right of the Piazza, another hill rises, its surface covered with the deep green shrubbery and the varied verdure of intermingled cypresses, sycamores and old oaks, the central point of interest here being the palace of the wealthy and distinguished Prince Torlonia of Rome. To the left of the Piazza and likewise rising back of the town in sharply inclined ascent are the Villa Lancellotti and the Villa Falconieri. Back of the circle of beautiful villas, the mountain rises against the sky, a mass of green forest and shrubbery. At the top are the ruins of Tusculum of classic days, from which the region takes the name of Tusculum even now; in ordinary conversation, some of the natives will speak of their city as Tusculo and themselves as Tusculani; and the first bishop of Frascati was named to the See of Tusculo. What more superb background, a background provided by the taste and wealth and prestige of nobility, could be desired for a town! And Frascati possesses it.

The town divides unevenly at the Piazza just mentioned. To the right of the ascent from the station, a few dwellings comprising the newer section mark the tendencies in modern development. To the left the town proper is located. Here are the curious "layers" of buildings; here are the gardens with trees whose tops reach to the bottom floor of the houses "upstairs". Here the steeple of a little church in the foreground, when viewed from a distance, seems to be extending in front of the main entrance of a more pretentious edifice in the vicinity. Here, wide Piazzas are mingled with curious, twisting, narrow old streets, and at times the stone railing at the end of a street or piazza looks down on the roof of a three-story building below; at times, however, directly on the valley fully a hundred feet down. Here too, in one section at least, are located the buildings that tell of the town's antiquity; immense thick walls, doors that are simply square holes in those walls, gaps showing the old brick and mortar used in the construction, doorsteps worn down into deep hollows by the tread

of feet for centuries, tiled roofs with clusters of moss hanging to the eaves; some dirt, some squalor, much that is primitive and more that is picturesque. At no point is a direct view of a section of the town given for more than a very short block; when the streets do extend more than two blocks, they twist and turn at least once in that distance; the result is variety, at least, if not utility.

From the midst of the massed cluster of roofs and roof-gardens and turrets and tree-tops that marks the situation of the principal section of the town, the twin towers and rather flambouyant facade of the Cathedral stand out, the really central subject of the entire picture. A large piazza in front of the Cathedral, flanked on all sides by buildings which, however, are not so lofty as to overshadow the church, offers an unusually good view of the building. Unusual—for in towns as old as Frascati, it seems to be a regular thing, to erect a beautiful church then crowd it in with buildings and allow at best a narrow street to pass the main entrance. Not so here; it has all the advantages of a well-selected site with none of the artistically evil results of mercenary land-grabbing. A broad, impressive set of stone stairs leads to a wide porch before the main entrance; above, the mediaeval baroque facade reaches high in the air, terminating in four queer-looking horn-shaped affairs which closer viewing discloses to be flaming torches carved in stone. What the original color of the stone was, it is hard to say; at present, it is grey, uniformly grey, the grey that comes after centuries of battering from wind and storm and scorching sun. But it is impressive; it is dignified; it is significant; it typifies the position of religion in the lives of the people about it; for beyond question, the Cathedral holds the foremost position. All else, villas and palaces and business houses and homes are the background.

Now add to this the deep blue of mid-summer Italian skies, the deep gold of the sunshine, a fresh cool breeze blowing in from the Mediterranean a few miles to the south—just enough to take the deadening sting out of the sun's hot rays—and the mystic witchery of long evening shadows weaving their webs of shadow beneath trees and shrubs and through old porticos and over old walls and around old turrets; and you have the setting for a scene, real and matter-of-fact in Frascati, but at least rivalling if not indeed excelling the most brilliant of pageants witnessed in other lands. Other lands must depend on scenic artists for their beautiful effects; in Frascati, God made the

distant sea and the sky and the trees and the plants and the hills, and when He finished, there was little left for man to do. And the best that man has done is to leave most of it alone.

The last two weeks of August were set aside for the Centennial celebrations. Day after day, the miraculous picture—a mediaeval painting showing Our Lord sitting on a throne and holding a book open in His left hand; rather severe in its lines after the manner of ancient paintings, but none the less noble and inspiring—had been publicly venerated in the Cathedral. On Sunday, August 30, the people of the city had made their Jubilee pilgrimage to Rome, as part of the celebration, taking with them the miraculous picture. All that day, those who were unable to go to Rome, were reminded that the celebrations were taking place by the music of a fine band which played at intervals throughout the day. In the evening, the stay-at-homes went to the train to meet the incoming pilgrims, after which there were fireworks; and such fireworks; skyrockets that sizzled and swished as they soared into the air, then burst, casting a shower of flaming colors far and wide, and ending with a thunderous report. And after an hour's beautiful display, the more brilliant because of the favorable background of dark hill and lowland broken only by scattered twinkling lights—music again till late in the evening. It was beautiful, fascinating, the more so as it contradicted the reports heard in America of the vulgar, noisy character of such celebrations. However, mention the beauty of it to a native of the town, and the answer was always the same, "Tomorrow evening, will see the *real* celebration. Ah, that will be beautiful!"

On the evening of the last day in August, the final procession was to take place. On this occasion, the picture which had been removed to a little church on the outskirts of the town—and by the way, necessarily a few flights of stone steps down the hill—was to be carried in public procession to the Cathedral. The march was to be in the nature of a triumphal march. All that the town and the people could provide to make the occasion noteworthy was to be brought out, for the picture of San Salvatore is the pride and the consolation of Frascati.

As the hour drew near for the final ceremonies, the piazza in front of the Cathedral gradually filled with people; the church itself, however, while astir with activity, was not more than usually filled. The reason was soon explained by an Italian. The people see no sense in hurrying; there is nothing to be gained by it, and something to be lost. And

when it is a matter of a joyful celebration, the longer it lasts, apparently the better it is. At any rate, when asked about the time for the opening of the procession, the answer succinctly given was simply: "The arrangements call for six o'clock; probably it will begin at seven." A shrug of the shoulders made up in emphasis whatever might have been lacking in tone and language.

Within the Cathedral, the gigantic wooden frame used in carrying the picture in procession stood empty in the center of the nave. About it, a crowd of little children strolled around surveying it open-eyed from every angle—incidentally getting in the way of the members of one of the confraternities who, clad in their best festal robes, were busy making the final preparations. And that in itself was an interesting sight. The uniform of this particular confraternity consists in a long white robe—something like the alb worn by the priest at mass, bound at the waist by a blue cord, which hangs in long tasseled strands at the side. About their shoulders, they wear a short blue cape, like the red cape or mozetta worn by a bishop; here the similarity between them ended. Some had the cape highly decorated with gold or crimson fringe; others had nothing. Hanging from the collar and down the back, each had a differently designed piece of lace-work; and over the breast in front, either lace or an embroidered piece of linen giving the insignia of the confraternity. Some of the men were quite old, their heads being snow white; others had evidently been just enrolled. All of them were plain hard-working men, their faces deeply lined and heavily browned by the scorching sun in the fields. But a more earnest crowd of men and a more business-like, it would be hard to find.

Leaving the Cathedral, the next point of interest before the grand climax was the quaint little church from which the procession was to set out. To reach it, it was necessary to circle about the town, following various roads that led via staircases or else were inclined steeply, till almost the lowest terrace was reached. Here, the presence of the Carabinieri in their best uniforms and other officers together with a goodly concourse of people, not to omit a very up-to-date looking troupe of Boy Scouts with their own band, showed that the church was near. It is a tiny, unassuming edifice, huddled amidst the buildings as though seeking shelter from the world at large. But its quaintness is not limited to external situation. Within, just a few feet from the door, a big iron-barred fence reaches from side to side. An iron gate in the center

serves as a second entrance to the church proper. The reason for the precautionary measures is, there is a miraculous picture of the Madonna venerated in this little church, and the votive offerings left at the shrine are rich enough and brilliant enough, to serve only too well as temptation for vandals. And to remove the temptation by removing the possibility of getting at the picture and its ornaments, the iron fence has been installed. Today, however, the church was entirely open, and entirely filled. Elderly men and women had come early to avoid the rush and in addition, there was the ever-present quota of children. Restless little lads and lassies, they ambled at large when they could evade the restraining grasp of the grandmother or grandfather. It was an edifying sight to see these people saying their prayers, their bent fingers, gnarled by years of hard labor, slowly passing clumsy, old-fashioned rosaries from bead to bead. At times one could see an elderly matron interrupt her prayers to throw kisses to the picture of the Madonna or toward the altar of the Blessed Sacrament or possibly, in turn, toward every picture and statue in the church. The gesture was so natural and so simple that it would have passed unnoticed, save to a stranger to whom the entire proceeding was but a succession of novelties. Most of the women wore veils or else handkerchiefs, folded diagonally and tossed easily over their heads. Straining on the part of impatient men to get a view of the altar, while a picture hat effectually neutralizes his best efforts is unknown here; and if there are distractions during services they certainly do not arise because of the haberdashery.

It was now only half an hour after the scheduled time and still some of those to take part in the procession had not appeared. However, when the crowds once get in motion, they do move with a vengeance. From one direction, came a company of monks who had responded to the invitation to take part; from another a group of men came into sight, bearing the big frame for the procession. While the members of the confraternity placed the picture within the really massive frame, another little procession, came down another hill. This was headed by a member of the confraternity carrying a beautiful banner; after him came the cross bearer, who must have been selected for the office of honor because of his physical strength, for the cross was immense. This was not a mere staff with a gold or gilded crucifix at the end; but a huge tree-shaped affair, which even though it may

not have been solid, was hard enough to handle. And finally after the confraternity, came the Canons of the Cathedral in full ceremonial robes. All units of the procession being present, it began to form.

In order to escape the steep inclines in the city proper, and possibly in order to give a more effectual route to the procession, the path chosen led by a road through the newer section of the city. So to view it from the best possible place, we went back to the main piazza of the town. Here from the stone stairway, high above the procession, the view was superb.

Across the intervening valley and across the Campagna beyond the opposite hill, the sun was setting in a maelstrom of molten crimson; the fiery shafts of sunset color extending far and wide across the firmament. Over the Campagna itself, a misty haze hung like a coverlet of filmiest down. Through the slender cypresses that marked with their pointed tops the outline of the hill and the path of the road followed by the procession, the deep red of the sun shone like the open door of a furnace. But evening comes on fast, and the signal rocket for the beginning of the procession had hardly ascended from the little piazza still further down from the starting point, when the sun was gone from view. Then the candles and torches of the marchers were lit. Imagine the sight if you can; it is difficult to give it adequate description.

Against the background of crimson sunset-glow and mist and shadowy cypresses that look like graceful sentries guarding the right of way—the cross with its accompanying guard of honor of Boy Scouts, the Boy Scout band, the brown robed Franciscans and Capuchins and black robed Benedictines, the bright robed members of the confraternity, the Canons of the Cathedral and finally the picture itself, borne aloft in its heavy frame on the shoulders of devoted laymen, happy in their labor of love—all these slowly wind in and out of view through the trees, while the hues in the sky above them shift through the scale of colors as only nature can do with impunity, and the music of a special march for the occasion comes, softened by distance, over the evening air. The final note of splendor is given by the rockets, set off at intervals, that burst above the town, first giving forth a dazzling white light, then a reverberating report that shatters the stillness of the hills. It seems like a pageant staged in fairyland; something unreal, intangible, a dream. But the reality is demonstrated by the throngs of town folk and visitors that gather along the path of the procession seeking good

places from which to view it. The entire town is out and evidently most of the countryside. The streets are lined with people; the parapets bordering the villa of the noble have their quotas of spectators; and the piazza in front of the Cathedral is jammed. Nor is it an idle, curious crowd. As the procession draws near, and they are able to see the picture, the expression of deep love and veneration that comes over the faces of young and old, gives the lie in advance to any suggestion of mere curiosity.

On the procession moves, through the broad public promenade, into the piazza of the Cathedral, into the church itself; and as the picture enters, a set of fireworks are set off; they crackle and roar for a few minutes and their noise can be heard far up the hill; then there comes a final report like the shot from a cannon, and the festivities are over.

Within the Cathedral, the services continue as usual, but the novel and the unusually interesting part is finished. Verily, the after impressions are those of a beautiful dream. The color, the music, the intense devotion of the people; the sublime poetry of simple, childlike souls expressing with every mode of external expression known to them, their love of God, fascinates one, captivates one, almost awakens a bit of envy, for back in our memories there rings a striking statement of our Saviour—"of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The cold materialist would sneer and call it sheer sentimentalism, but his insight is as shallow as his science which creates his frame of mind; the Catholic, no matter what land he comes from, no matter what the customs he has been used to, will note at once, that to the Italian, there is little out of the ordinary in the celebration. The Italian takes it quite as a matter of course—enthusiastically, true—but the Italian takes pretty nearly everything with enthusiasm—but nevertheless, as much a matter of ordinary occurrence as attending Mass on Sunday morning or going to Benediction in the evening. The color and the tone that make for sentimental joy are in turn given substance and significance by the ever-present substance and significance of the truths of their religion, which to them are as a second nature.

They say Italy and the Italians are poor; it may be true, in fact I think it is true. But after an experience like that, an American will honestly—and gladly—concede Italy and the Italians have some things that money cannot buy.

## Abiding the Breaking of Day

### "AND A CHILD SHALL LEAD HIM"

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

The Grave must have been very recent for the remaining clay was still moist and fresh; while the smallness of the mound told of the youthfulness of the sleeper that slept six feet beneath the counterpane of flowers. Mechanically he stooped to read the tags: "Dear Little Friend, rest in peace"—a child it seemed. The scent of the flowers was strong and made him feel strangely apprehensive. Another read: "Darling Jackie—rest in God.—Grandma." Jackie! Jackie!—daylight yielded to the mellow gaslight—the vision of a serene little face pillowed in golden curls—Jackie!

"Good God, it cannot be!" the flowers heard him say; "It cannot be!" And yet another: "Sweet Darling of mine, sleep in peace and remember your father and me.—Your Mother Eileen." Eileen—the sorrowful face in the doorway—the sad smile that welcomed him home so very often—Eileen! Mechanically he fell on his knee and he sobbed as though his heart would break while from beneath the flower covered grave came the quiet question: "Where hast thou stayed so long?"

\* \* \* \*

The westering summer sun lit up the flower covered veranda of the Clarendon Mansion in Marion, Virginia. Everything spoke of exaltation and unmixed joy save the sad faced figure of Dave Clarendon sitting upon the wooden steps that abutted on the gravel walk. In the old drawing room off the veranda a piano was playing and a voice stole out upon the quiet air and as it fell and rose, Dave's eyes became mist-laden with tears, perhaps of regret, perhaps of sorrow, perhaps of heartbrokenness.

"Soft as the voice of an angel  
Breathing a lesson unheard,  
Hope with gentle persuasion  
Whispering her comforting word"....

The day had been so happy and yet it seemed but of yesterday. Months of such happy days sped away over the heads of the happy couple. But somehow or other, even Dave could hardly say, why, clouds rose and gathered—clouds that threatened the happiness of the little

home. Dave was really at heart a fine fellow as the saying is, and was a man of deep and strong devotion. Yet he had had one failing—he did like the gambling table—he would lose his head and memory when he mingled with boon companions. Not that he cared less for his little wife at home, or a shred more for his companions and friends—but that an old habit would come back so strong that he would often repent very bitterly after the deed was done. Yet that was Dave, and over the little home clouds did gather. A traveling salesman, he was often away from home for shorter or longer periods, but for almost a year he was unswervingly devoted. But he fell in with his old pals and again his love for gambling flamed up and Dave could hardly help himself. Surely it was but a harmless diversion; a few nickels make no great difference. The harmless diversion grew into a full-blown danger and passion; the nickels of no great difference changed color and weight and often a week's earnings lay scattered across the table.

And even now the silvery voice from the drawing room:

"If in the dusk of the twilight,  
Dim be the region afar,  
Will not the deepening darkness  
Brighten the glimmering star?"

It looked like an ugly dream now—a nightmare from the past. How the roistering companions led him along a merry route and how the nights would ring with the clinking of glasses and rollicking song. Night after night, week after week—God alone knows how long it went on. Never once a thought of others—never once any consideration for that waiting heart at home that abided his late return. And yet no matter what the hour or the condition, the same kind welcome, the same loving way. How he would scarcely notice that devoted wife; how he would complain and quarrel about almost anything. He could hardly recall the details now as he sat there in the summer sun, not that time was blurring his memory, but that he hardly ever was capable of registering clear-cut ideas in those days of dissipation. But even now he could recall how he would stumble up the stairs and into Jackie's little room—turn up the night-light, fondle those golden curls and stoop down to kiss that innocent face. Each time a resolution was born, yet born but to be broken and shattered before the breaking day was gone. Oh, how utterly painful it now came back to him.

But the day of supreme sorrow—or might we say, of kindness—

was yet to come. The picture stood out clearly defined almost to painfulness. Sunday had been nothing to him save a day of special carousing, of greater gains, of bigger gatherings. Why they should have taken that machine ride past that cemetery, was more than he could account for. But they did pass by that cemetery and as they did so, Dave felt a tugging at his heart, as of a child that tugs at the coat-sleeve of its father. A quick glance revealed a newly made grave somewhat close to the fence and he had a vague idea that the old family lot must be quite close to the newly made grave. The car slowed down to allow the passengers of the street car to alight at the cemetery gate and the machine, in which Dave and his companions were, came to a standstill. But the picture of the newly made grave, how it clung to him and then that persistent tugging as of a child tugging at the coat sleeve of its parent. The street car moved on; the driver threw in the clutch, the machine moved on. But in a trice, Dave was up and as he leaped from the running board, he shouted to his companions that he would see them tonight. With feverish haste and a soul charged with a strange and ominous foreboding, he pushed back the great iron gate and entered, but as he went towards the newly-made grave, he slackened his pace. The tugging became more persistent—he stood beside the grave—the tugging ceased—he was held.

How long he sat there on that crude wooden bench beside that flower covered grave he does not know. All sense of time and place were lost to him as he looked down through the counterpane of flowers, down through the covering of earth, and visualized the curl-framed, waxen face, pillowed in the white silk of its last resting place. In that face he studies the past—and towards that face he directed his future. But the day was fading and still he sat there, his face buried in his hands—a figure of broken sorrow and regret. Around him he felt another presence and with that feeling his thoughts shifted from the face of the child to another face which, even in the worst days of his dissipation, had never entirely faded from his memory. A soft touch on his shoulder and a sad low "Dave!"—and Dave turned to look into the face of Eileen. Immediately he turned away and once more his face fell into his hands but now the presence was beside him, and, as he lifted his head and looked into that sad face, he read no recollection of the past, no reproach for neglect. He still recalled that they wept and sobbed beside that grave and that there he heard a won-

derful story of a woman's devotion and trust, and a wonderful story of a child's sacrifice. How night after night the little figure clad in his nightie would stand beside mother's knee and look up into that face and ever put the same persistent question:

"Mama, where is daddy?"

"He is away on business, dear, but he will be here one of these days," was the same and oft repeated answer. But night after night—and no daddy to kiss, made the little one wistfully sad.

"Oh, Mamma, why doesn't daddy come?" But daddy did not come and Jackie became sad because he saw that daddy did not come, but most of all because mother would look so sad and would have little tears in her eyes when he prayed for daddy every night. Then it was that the little will took a resolution: Jesus must tell daddy that mamma wants him, and every night after all had been said, the little face would be lifted up towards heaven and Jesus would be asked to see that daddy comes home to mamma. But daddy did not come—mamma grew sadder—and Jackie knew that he must do more than merely ask Jesus to tell daddy. And as is the case with the child's manner, it must plead its own case. Jackie decided to plead his own case with Jesus and from that night on, the little eyes never closed in sleep before Jackie had asked Jesus to let him come to Him so that he may bring daddy back to mamma and make mamma happy once more. The little victim was accepted and it was but a matter of a few weeks when that pleading voice was hushed in death and the little missionary set about sending daddy home and wiping away those little tears from mamma's eyes.

A year passed and beside that little grave there near the fence the winter's snow was cleared off an oblong plot and the mother sleeps beside the child.

And still the silvery voice from the drawing room:

"Then when the night is upon us  
Why should the heart sink away?  
When the dark midnight is over,  
Watch for the breaking of day."

Thus Dave was alone and thus he would often think back over the light and shadow of his life and bless God for the two loves that gave themselves for him in the past and abided his coming on the morrow. The kindly old man was well-known in the village yet few if any knew the reason for the wistful sadness of his ways as he caressed the

children of the village, for to him all little boys were "Jackie", and all little girls "Eileen".

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## A Message To Young Men

### II. THE CAUSE

M. H. PATHE, C.Ss.R.

Dear Sir:

I received your letter replying to my article on the spiritual condition of our young men.

Thanks for your kind words of appreciation. You say, however, that you think I have rather over-colored my picture, by which, I take it, you mean that I have exaggerated the true situation. I wish it were so. The fact of the matter is I have designedly left some glaring colors off the picture—nor even hinted at those unnatural crimes which are the product of a too common effeminacy. There was no need to remind me of the truth that my statements did not apply to all young men. Indeed—when the Health department announces that an epidemic has broken out in a city it does not mean that every living person in that city is infected. The announcement, however, is a fair warning to all to guard against the danger. Materialism is an epidemic. It destroys the spiritual life. Immorality is one of its symptoms.

You blame me for what you call "a lack of appreciation of the difficulties under which our young men of today are laboring." Had you been patient with me I would have dealt with that very subject later on.

Recently before a gathering of nearly three thousand men in Holy Redeemer Hall at Dix and Junction Avenues in this city, the Hon. George Gorham, assistant prosecuting attorney for Cook County, Illinois, gave an eloquent address on "Crime, Its Cause and Cure." He did not mince words when he traced the criminal tendencies of men back to their homes. Because the boy is let grow up like a weed, because his fond mother pampers his every whim, and because his father has little time for him, because his comings and goings are at his own sweet will, and because he is responsible to no one for the companions of his childhood—small wonder indeed that the self-willed and sulky progeny is a criminal ere he has left his teens.

I am perfectly aware of the fact that the young man's way is beset with temptations. Pleasure is the password of the hour. Godlessness is in the very air he breathes. The rising tide of animalism carries him along perforce. Temptation goes before him on the street in gaudy colors—temptation surrounds him in the factory and the office in the example which he sees in others—temptation re-echoes, in its worst form, in his own heart in private life.

Now, sir, you must know that temptation is no justification for sin. A very serious mistake is made by those who try to palliate the weaknesses of young men by enlarging on the difficulties they must endure. Temptation has no power over the heart that is fortified.

Stand at the margin of the eminence overlooking Seal Rocks at San Francisco. Watch the mighty Pacific dashing against these rocks. Think that for centuries this ceaseless battering has gone on. At times the waves, as in a storm, have pitted their utmost power against this enemy. But always, always, the white plumed phalanx has been beaten back, to groan its impotency upon the shore. Then teach this lesson to young men. Their soul is the Rock. Temptation is the Waves. The only effect of the lashing waters is to smooth the rock. They wear away the rough edges and jettings, and wash off the clay that clings to it. Temptation serves a like purpose in the soul.

Since the fall of our First Parents, and the consequent punishment of our human nature—the soul and body of man have been at war. The soul fights for God and virtue—the body for Satan and sin. God says to the soul, "Carry on, and I will give you the reward of Eternal Life." Satan says to the body, "All these things—pleasure, money, honor—wilt thou have, if falling down thou wilt adore me." God says, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?" Satan cries out, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you must die." Just as in a war of nations, the battle is fiercest when it centers round some salient position—so the struggle, in the spiritual warfare, for the possession of the young man. If he decides for God generations to come will be blessed by his decision. If he takes up the battle-cry of Satan hundreds and thousands of future young men will know no other service.

Now God does not leave His souls without all-sufficient means to win this important struggle. He gives them grace for every hour. He gives them help for every need. He offers them protection in every

danger. He supplies them with arms to meet every attack. No matter how great the temptations that surround young men they cannot win as long as the soldier youth stands staunchly by his God and uses the means given him by his General.

You ask me what are the means? I shall tell you in another article. My sole contention now is this—that sympathy is altogether misplaced—maudlin sentimentality is but sinful encouragement, and excuse founded on the plea of strong temptation is a lie—as long as young men do not use the rightful means for rightful living. At present they do not.

(To be Continued)

### ANOTHER LUTHER

Luther Burbank has preached a sermon and he wants it taken as Gospel truth. The newspapers printed it and millions read it. Another Luther is come to judgment and declares another reform: the world is wrong—even the Reformation is wrong.

If I were to discount Mr. Burbank's sermonizing by saying that his preeminence as a botanist does not make him an authority in religion, it might be attributed to bias. But the assertion is so reasonable that it must strike any man of common sense. And we are glad to repeat an editorial printed in the *Chicago Tribune*, entitled, "Burbank, Theologist."

"Luther Burbank, kindly cultivator of floral marvels," says the editorial, has become overnight an authority on religion. He is being true to the American tradition which makes a great man, expert in one phase of life, competent to preach about anything and everything under the sun.

"Henry Ford builds more automobiles than any other man on earth. Therefore he is an authority on international politics, dancing, or what have you. Thomas Edison is the world's greatest inventor. Therefore his sayings about health and the training of youth take on the weight of gospel.

"Whether it is American gullibility that is to blame, or whether it is egotism on the part of the great men, we do not know. Probably the press agents who guide the great men's destinies could tell us the truth."

Well said. Read it over and when another "great scientist" breaks into print as a self-appointed Pope—smile.

## The Maid of Orleans

### XVI. THE DELIVERY OF ORLEANS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Joan's first objective, as she set out with the army from Blois on April 28, 1429, was Orleans.

For about a year the city had been under siege and now its condition was almost desperate. Orleans stood on the right bank of the River Loire. All around it, except on the river side, the English and their allies, the Burgundians, had built towers and bastilles to prevent any relief from entering the city. A bridge spanned the river from the city, but where it touched the opposite shore, it was protected by two strongly fortified towers, called Les Tourelles, or the Turrets. These were in the hands of the English. To make their work surer, they had broken down one of the arches of the bridge.

Joan approached her task with a daring and directness that baffled the other French generals. It was her intention to come up on the right bank of the Loire and attack the English fortifications on her way. The Commandant of Orleans, however, had thought differently and hence instructed her to come up with the convoy on the left side. Ignorant of the position of the forts, Joan complied. When she arrived, therefore, she saw that the river separated her from the city. She expressed her annoyance at this deception but at once set to work to remedy the blunder.

The army was ordered back to Blois to cross over and come up on the right bank. She herself prepared to cross the river with the provisions and ammunition in full view of the English. The wind was against her and the English menacing. Some of the officers demurred.

"Be patient," said Joan, "with God's help all will go well."

It did. At dusk Joan crossed the river. The wind changed and the English made no stir to prevent her, just as she had foretold. As the Maid entered the city, the whole population turned out to receive her and hailed her as the Deliverer. Clad in white armor, carrying her white banner, on a white steed, she rode at the head of the convoy. Her bearing was modest but confident. She spoke kindly to all telling them to have no fear for the future. At once a new spirit came over all, civilians and soldiers alike. The English on the contrary lost their confidence and seemed actually inspired with fear.

Early next morning Joan prepared to attack the English forts. The other generals, however, objected and she was forced to yield. She retired to her quarters and from sheer weariness fell asleep. Suddenly she awoke, rushed downstairs, and calling for her orderly, had him fetch her horse at once.

"Why has no one told me that fighting is going on?" she demanded.

"None is going on," said the bystanders.

"Why, yes," she answered, "my Voices told me so—at the fort and church of St. Loup."

Leaping to her horse, the Maid rode out with her banner. It seems that some French general, perceiving the new spirit in the troops, had thought he could get along without Joan and acquire some glory for himself. But his attempt failed. As Joan came dashing toward the scene of battle, she met the French in full retreat before the English.

In a short while she had the situation in hand. She inspired new courage in the troops and led them back. The fighting became furious. Joan and her banner seemed to be everywhere and everywhere spelled victory. By evening the fort was in their hands and the garrison prisoners.

Joan meant to push her advantage vigorously. She attacked every problem with a surety that seemed to know no doubt. Her Voices had told her that she was to accomplish the liberation of Orleans; nothing then could stop her. Probably, too, her simple direct character helps to explain this striking assurance, that must have seemed to some mere impetuosity.

Next day there was a council of war; Joan was not there. The generals tried to keep the Maid ignorant of their plans and hence set out to capture some of the smaller forts down the river. But again they failed and had not Joan come up just in time, the French would have been completely routed. She however, rallied the troops and after taking the smaller forts, led them against the stronger fortifications of Les Tourelles. The generals protested. The troops followed Joan.

That morning she had told some of the men that she would be wounded, as she had foretold long before. During the attack on Les Tourelles, as she was riding at the head of the troops, in full view of the enemy, an arrow struck her, passing between the collar bone and the shoulder blade and protruding behind. She fell from her horse and was carried to the rear. Someone, solicitous for her welfare,

produced a charm and offered it to her to heal her. The Maid was disgusted at the very proposal.

"There are plenty of ways," she said, "to cure me without using bad ones." She pulled the arrow out herself, ordered her wounds to be bound up as well as possible and then, despite the pain that brought tears to her eyes and despite the remonstrances of those who would have kept her out of the battle, she returned to the charge.

Fortunately, too. The French were on the point of giving up. Joan would not hear of it. Having knelt for a short prayer, she leaped on her horse and called to the men:

"As soon as my standard touches the wall of the fort, it is ours!"

Through the lines, across the field of battle, her horse plunged in obedience to her spurs. For a moment everyone seemed dazed by her boldness. She planted her banner on the moat and at once the wind caught it, swelled it out to its full length so that its golden fringe touched the fortress wall.

"The place is ours!" shouted Joan. "On! On!"

Strung to the highest pitch of excitement, the French soldiers rushed forward, regardless of danger, and before the English, who seemed spellbound, could do anything, the fort was in their hands.

Glasdale, the English commander, who during the entire battle had heaped the most cowardly and scurrilous insults on the Maid, tried to make his escape across the half shattered bridge. Joan recognized him and tried to save him. She harbored no ill-will.

"Glasdale! Glasdale!" she cried. "Surrender! You have insulted me, but I take pity on your soul."

He would not listen. He fell into the Loire and was drowned.

Les Tourelles having fallen, the English decided to give up the siege of Orleans. On the morning of May 9, the second after Joan's arrival, the English were seen to sally forth from their forts on all sides, as if to give battle. At Joan's order, Mass had just begun to be celebrated in the French camp, when word was brought to her of the movement of the English.

"Are they attacking or are they leaving?" she asked with strange unconcern.

"They appear to be leaving," replied one of the soldiers. Some of the officers immediately wished to take up the pursuit. But Joan said:

"Let them go. You will have them some other time. Now let us

attend to God." A moment later she was wrapt in attention at the Holy Sacrifice and the army knelt with her.

Thus the siege of Orleans was raised—the first part of her mission accomplished. To one who fought beside her, a trusty old warrior, the Duke of Alencon, it seemed nothing short of wonderful.

"The bastilles of the enemy," he reported, "were taken by a miracle rather than by the force of arms. It is a work from on high, not a human work."

#### XVII. THE CAMPAIGN ALONG THE LOIRE.

It would not be to our purpose to go over, one after another, the battles she fought. We are interested here rather in her character and her message. For this reason we cannot help pointing out here the opposition she had to meet, the dalliance of the Dauphin, and her conduct throughout.

As usual, Joan was for pushing the campaign vigorously. It seemed as though she were eager to accomplish the mission confided to her. The Dauphin would not listen. She urged him to press on to Rheims, to be crowned in the Cathedral according to the ancient custom of the French kings. She was farsighted enough to see that this would have a great influence on the morale of the troops and people—that it would serve to unite them, and possibly, to draw back to their true allegiance some of the powerful knights who had allied themselves with the English.

She told him to make the utmost possible use of her, because "she would last only about a year." Was this only a conjecture? Or did she have some foreknowledge of her end?

Still the Dauphin delayed; he merely called council after council of war. Nothing was decided. Joan chafed under the restraint. She saw the army going to pieces in idleness. At last, one day she knocked at the door of the room where the council was sitting and entering abruptly, she threw herself at the feet of the Dauphin, exclaiming:

"Noble Dauphin! Why do you hold so many tiresome councils? Come to Rheims and take your crown!"

To her mind it seemed simple. But the Dauphin only discussed the matter afresh. Finally, he decided that Joan and the brave soldiers should first drive the English out of the entire country and thus make the way safe. Then he would go up to Rheims. It never occurred to him, apparently, that a good place for a king would be at the head of

his troops. Joan had to be content. She set out at once. Several young captains accompanied her and soldiers flocked around her. With this ill-disciplined army she started out on her campaign.

Town after town fell before her advance, the English driven back. At Jargeau the Earl of Suffolk gave battle and was beaten, he himself being taken prisoner. Four days after Maun was taken. Then came Beaugency. Here two great English captains, Talbot and Fastolf, determined to stop her progress. In two days they yielded. La Bauce fell next and at Patay the English were completely routed. They seemed to be panic-stricken at sight of the Maid and fled in disorder. She would allow no pursuit.

Meanwhile some of the French generals put every obstacle in her path. There was jealousy and party strife among them and some of them still suspected the Maid of being in league with the devil. They strongly disapproved of her tactics. They would rather have come to terms with some of their enemies. Joan, however, would not hear of this; she knew the treachery of the English. Events proved her right.

Under all these trying circumstances the conduct of Joan was such as to call for our highest admiration. With those who opposed her, she entered into no discussions. She spoke out her mind plainly and decidedly; if her plans were not found acceptable, she yielded and tried to make the best of things.

Even in camp and in the midst of the daily marches she kept up all her acts of piety and her spirit of prayer. Her Voices spoke to her often and counselled her. At Jargeau she was knocked from her horse. But at once she rose and encouraging the troops, remained in the midst of the fighting. Never, not even in self-defense, did she strike a blow.

After one of the battles of this campaign she encountered a band of French soldiers leading an English prisoner. They had mistreated him so cruelly that he was in a dying condition. Joan stopped them at once. Leaping from her horse, she bent over the poor fellow, doing all she could to relieve his bodily sufferings until a priest could be brought to give him spiritual aid.

Her confessor was always with her. She went to confession almost daily and thus she managed to keep herself a saint in the midst of the ruffianly soldiers and amid the hardships of war.

## XVIII. ON TO RHEIMS.

At length, when Joan had cleared a great part of the way from Orleans to Rheims, the Dauphin decided to follow the army. Hitherto Joan had always been excluded from the councils of war, though she was the only one who accomplished anything. Finally it seems one of the French generals came to his senses. He declared that since this whole campaign had been organized and led so successfully by the Maid, she ought to have a voice in the council.

Her advice was simple. No more councils—waste no more time talking; but attack Troyes, a city of some importance, before which they were now encamped, and then proceed to Rheims. The other generals objected. It could not be done, they said.

"Do as I tell you," declared Joan, "and the place will be yours in three days."

"If you were to take it in six days," said one of the generals, "it would be a miracle."

"Sir," replied Joan, "it will be in the Dauphin's power tomorrow." Her assurance was almost uncanny.

She went straight from the council chamber to the troops, rallied them around her, and got them to work all through the night, preparing entrenchments and setting up cannon at favorable points, making all preparations for an attack at dawn. Though darkness hid their movements, the stir and commotion was heard by the garrison in Troyes; consternation prevailed. At dawn, when Joan was about to order the assault, a procession was seen to wend its way out of the city toward the French camp. It was an offer to surrender. The English and Burgundian forces were allowed to march off and Troyes was in the hands of the Dauphin as Joan had predicted.

Town after town now returned to the King's allegiance. Chalons alone remained. But it, too, at the approach of Joan, surrendered as Troyes had done—on July 15.

Next day the French army reached Sept-Saulx, eight miles from Rheims. Here a deputation from Rheims met them, begging for an amnesty or general pardon for all in the city and offering to surrender to the Dauphin. At Joan's advice the pardon was granted.

The great goal, Rheims, was now in view.

(To be continued.)

## Play Square

### II. WITH FAITH AND HIGH HONOR

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

Rip Van Winkle—Washington Irving's fictitious character, can have felt no more amazement, nor found more difficulty in prevailing on his former friends to receive him again after his sleep of twenty years than does a prisoner released from prison find on a return to the haunts of bygone days, after a long stretch of years up the river. That is, unless he is determined to cling to crime as his chosen career. Streets have changed; old friends have moved to other neighborhoods or have even more frequently been called by death which exacts a heavier toll of thieves and ne'er-do-wells than of their more honest brethren. New inventions dazzle him; even old comrades in crime shun him for the time because well the underworld knows that the eagles of the law watch with double care the lately released felon hoping to fasten their talons on him in some early breach of law ere new practice has afforded him new dexterity in his misdeeds. This all, of course, takes for granted that the criminal has not taken pains to prepare new paths of desperation, by keeping in touch with the underworld through the human wireless that carries Sing Sing's news out into the free air beyond its walls. In such case the criminal finds work ready for his particular bent, or crook, we should rather say, and he is received at once as a senior member of crookdom worthy of respect by virtue of the fact that he "has done a stretch up the river."

Tom, we are glad to say, had made no such arrangement for a future of crime; he had kept no contact with the underworld outside. Hence he spent his first night of freedom in a Mills Hotel. For the uninitiated in New York's terms we may state that Mills Hotels are hotels for men only where the wayfarer may rest in a dormitory for twenty-five cents a night or have the luxury of a room for seventy-five cents or a dollar a night. After a breakfast at a cheap lunch counter, Tom determined on a stroll down Broadway to taste his newly found freedom. After that he determined on a visit to his old parish church, a brief call on Father Dan, and then flight westward to new fields of hope.

Tom strode down Broadway at a good pace. No leg irons cramped

his movements but nevertheless, unknown to himself, his gait marked him as one of the prison's spawn. At Forty-second Street a man with iron grey hair and clear black eyes fell in behind him. A modest business suit of brown covered the well-knit form of the shadower and there was naught to mark him to the casual eye as other than he appeared—a prosperous man of the world. At Broadway and Duane Streets, just at the edge of the City Hall District, the stranger placed a hand on Tom's shoulder. His grasp was firm but friendly and Tom turning with startled gasp expecting to behold a policeman in uniform, saw but a friendly face which at first he did not recognize. However, it did not take long for him to know his captor, for such Tom thought him to be.

"Bull Gary, eh?" snarled Tom; "why the heavy hand. I haven't done anything."

"I know that, Tom," replied the detective coolly. "You are not under arrest. Released last night, were you not?"

"Y'ep," replied Tom, sententiously. "Listen. I intend to go straight, so why bother me?"

"I sincerely hope you will go straight, Tom," responded the detective easily; "but why look for a cell the day after you are released?"

"What's the big idea?" asked Tom. "I'm not looking for a cell. Is this a pinch?"

"Not at all; not at all," the officer hastened to answer, "I merely want to save you from arrest. It's Thanksgiving Day, you know, so you owe me thanks."

"I don't get you at all," said Tom in bewilderment.

"One block more and you will be below the Dead Line," answered the detective.

"I've heard something about that Dead Line, but it's a new one to me," said Tom, "you see I never was a real crook—just a petty thief took to stealing to get bread for the family and booze for himself."

"Well, I'll explain," volunteered the officer. "But come, let's cross the street and walk uptown. I'll be recognized in a moment and a crowd will gather, figuring you a big crook under arrest. The blamed papers published a good picture of me two weeks ago and have used it every day since I managed to pinch Edler, the international swindler. You see, the plain-clothes squad men do not fancy their picture in the paper."

"I see," said Tom, "makes it kind of easy for a crook to take to cover when he sees you coming. But say, how about that Dead Line stuff? Slip me the dope will you?"

"Sure thing!" replied Gary. "You know City Hall Park is the beginning of the greatest money district in the world?"

"Where do you think I was raised,—Waukesha, Michigan?" asked Tom grinning; "of course I know where Maiden Lane and Wall Street and Broad and the Treasury are."

"Well, the reason I mentioned it is because this district is the big field for crooks. They look for easy pickings in the Wall Street district."

"Oh, I don't know," said Tom, "Fifth Avenue ain't so bad with its swell residences and big jewelry stores."

"Nevertheless, Tom, my boy," said Gary, "in spite of the best police force in the world ——"

"Huh!" grunted Tom. "You cops sure do hate yourselves, don't you?"

"As I was saying," smiled the detective, "in spite of the finest police force in the world, more loot was taken out of the financial district between City Hall and South Ferry last year than in the entire rest of the country combined."

"How about the Chicago mail robbery of a cool million?" asked Tom.

"Practically all that stuff was recovered," said the officer. "But darn little of what was lifted here came back."

"But the Dead Line," asked Tom, "what is it and how does it operate?"

"Since it is so dangerous for a crook to get into this district," responded Gary, "the police have made a regulation that any man who has a record,—you know what that means?"

"Sure, answered Tom, "any guy who has been mugged for the Rogues' Gallery? Which means me, I suppose."

"Right the first time," said the officer smiling. "Well for all such men the regulation holds. They don't have to be caught pulling anything below the Dead Line. Simply to be found in the District between City Hall and Whitehall Street for such a man means instant arrest with the chance of serving a six months' term on the Island as a suspicious character, or the alternative of release with the proviso that he get out of town in ten hours."

"Kind of tough on us crooks," laughed Tom, "but say, you needn't worry about me I mean business I'm through. I'm going straight."

"That's what the crooks all tell us cops," parried the officer, "but honestly, I believe you, Tom. I followed you and stopped you simply because I didn't want you taken in for being caught below the dead line."

"Thanks a lot!" said Tom earnestly, shaking the officer's hand, "And that don't meant maybe. But you won't have to bother much about me, Mr. Gary. I'm leaving town to-night."

"Wise boy!" said Gary. "What's the matter?" he said teasingly; "got a job on in Chicago?"

"Heck, no!" said Tom. "Quit your kidding. I know blame well that's where the boys go to hide out and lie low when New York gets too hot for them. But no Chicago for mine. Me for the wide open spaces—out where the men are men. Say, listen," he continued, "ask the cops to lay off me, will you. Honest to God, I'm going to be clean. I want to make good in a real big way. I did once, you know."

"Yes, I do know, Tom. And believe me, every cop on the force wants to see you make good. Many of us were at the Polo Grounds cheering you when you pitched three out of five games against the Pirates in that crucial series and won the pennant for the Giants. Gee, that's so long ago it seems ancient history,—but no man who loves sports can ever forget it."

You're right; it was a long time ago,—eighteen years," said Tom sadly, "I was only a kid then, just nineteen, and the wonder of the league. Just think, I'm only thirty-nine and feel like an old man."

"Nonsense, Tom," said Gary slapping him on the back; "you're too old for the Big Leagues, but there's no reason why you can't make good some other way. Go to it. Play the game like a sportsman 'with your faith and honor held high. And if you should lose,—why just stand by the road and cheer as the winners go by'."

"Say," said Tom, stopping suddenly and causing a portly gentleman with spats and nose glasses to bump into him, "do you know that poem too? Gee, I know the whole thing by heart. It's my creed from now on."

"Good for you, Tom," laughed Gary good naturedly; "then you ought to come to Headquarters and try to get on our squad. Inspector Creagh made us all learn it. Said it would be a good thing to remem-

ber in our dealings with the crooks; that the underworld is entitled to a sporting chance, too,—not a sporting chance to get away with robbery or murder,—but a chance to make good and the right not to be framed and railroaded to jail on a frameup. The only trouble is the crooks don't know it, too. Some of our best men have been killed in action the last few years. Time was when a plain clothes man on Broadway never parked a gun. Now we all carry a gat and pull it before we pinch a crook. If we don't, chances are they'll plug us. In the old days a high class crook never shot it out with a cop,—rather would take chances on getting away with whatever he was charged with than face charges of murder or attempted murder. Nowadays the first thing they do is shoot; wonder why the changed conditions?"

"Blame it on Prohibition, I guess," said Tom.

"Prohibition! How come?" asked the detective.

"Well in the old days, from all I gathered from the talk up the River," said Tom, "before a guy pulled a job he took a drink or two to get courage and was all set to go. So if anything slipped he still had his senses. They took away the booze and nowadays the crook takes a shot of dope that just about begins to get in its work when he begins his job. So he is half crazed most of the time and when anything goes wrong he is like a cornered rat,—clean crazy. And so he plugs a cop or for that matter anybody who crosses him and never even gives it a thought."

"Well perhaps you are right, Tom," said Gary thoughtfully, "I have heard that opinion expressed before."

"You know I am right," said Tom. "Now listen. I'm not putting in a plea for the booze. God know it wrecked me and I'm off it for life. I'm not one of those guys who can take a drink and leave it alone; I just soak it up. So I'll never touch it again. But nevertheless because a few fools like myself abused the stuff was no reason for cutting it out entirely. You can't make men good by laws alone: They took away the booze and said it would cure all evils. What's the result? The country has taken to the dope. School kids are peddling the stuff—the boys and girls are using it. Those that don't use the dope are worse off if they drink the stuff that's peddled as booze—it's ether or poison, and has the same effects as dope. Say buddy—this sounds like a sermon but it ain't. If you don't believe me, go ask the officers up the river if 85% of their prisoners ain't dope fiends—snow-

birds and white rats. Yes sir, times have changed—one man in eight used to be a cokey; now it's one in eight that ain't. That's why they shoot cops and merchants, and then tell the truth when they say they don't know they did it."

"You're dead right Tom," said Gary, "I'm glad you feel that way. What are your plans?"

"First get out of New York as far as the ten dollars or what's left of the ten they give you when you leave Sing Sing will take me tonight. My next move is to see Father Dan Dowling this morning. He knows I have special reasons for wanting to make good."

"I know the special reasons—both of them," said Gary, "they are Tom and Mary Brawley Jr."

"Say," breathed Tom fiercely grasping Gary by the coat collar, "How in blazes do you know that? Father Dan didn't spill the beans did he?" And Tom glowed with mingled anger and dread.

"Go easy, Tom!" said Gary releasing himself. "Remember you are on Broadway. Father Dan never broke confidence with any man. You don't suppose we cops send a man to the can for a long stretch without looking up his family do you? We have hearts, man alive, and a crook's sin is no reason why his woman and his children should suffer. I knew you were married. Looked up the family and found Father Dan was taking care of them. I did ask him about them—told him what I knew and he told me about your wish never to be known to the children. Believe me, Father Dan is some priest."

"You said a mouthful," breathed Tom fervently.

"Personally I think you are making a mistake. It's all right to keep your kids in the dark regarding your past. However, I believe you will have a greater incentive to make good if you feel that some day you may be worthy to claim your relationship with them and let them see how atonement has been made for the mistakes of your life."

"That's what Father Dan says too," replied Tom. "If I thought such a thing were possible, I'd be certain to make good. As it is, knowing my weakness of the past, I'm not any too certain about the future,—what has happened once, can happen again."

"Now see here, Tom Brawley," said Gary earnestly, "I'm going to tell you something perhaps I had better keep to myself. The cops are not the hard-hearted bunch the crooks think them to be. I was in Church the day your wife was buried and saw how you wept. I saw

too, how your eyes hungered for those two kiddies of yours. I pitied you and by heavens I know you are a good man at heart."

"Fine way I took to show it," half whispered Brawley, "breaking the heart of the best little woman that ever lived."

"Yes but you can make up for all that by the future," said Gary, "You and I are both Catholics and believe that good little wife of yours in Heaven knows what's happening to you and the kiddies down here. To be entirely truthful with you, Tom, I trailed you and your guard all the time you were in New York. You acted like a man then,—why not always?"

"Say," said Tom earnestly, "I had a chance to get away from him once in the Subway on that trip."

"You hadn't a chance in the world, though you thought you had," said the detective. "Why man I was right behind you on that Subway platform and just waited to see what you would do. When you stood still and waited for the return of the guard, I decided to let you alone. By golly I admired you for that—knew you must have pledged your word and wouldn't break it. But if you had tried to make a getaway I'd have pinched you in a minute. Well old man, this is as far I go; my beat ends at Times Square. Wait here on the corner and tell me just how you're fixed."

(To be Continued.)

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### THE IDEAL

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Turner, the famous painter, was one day showing one of his canvasses to a lady. It was a sunset scene.

"It is wonderful—it is grand!" exclaimed the lady. "But, Mr. Turner," she added, turning to the painter, "I never saw such a sunset."

"Ah, dear Lady," replied the painter, "but don't you wish you could?"

Turner's reply contains a profound truth. It brings out in one sentence the difference between real art and so-called realism.

Art, in painting as in literature, is meant to raise us up, to uplift us in the best sense of the phrase. It should give us subject matter for wonderment and striving. To do this it must clothe the real in that grace and perfection in which we would wish to see it. We do not wish to be dragged down or through the mire; the office of art is to raise us up.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## A TEACHER NEEDED

One day, it must have been about the year 430 B. C., Socrates, the old Greek philosopher, whom some have dared to compare with Christ, was walking through the streets of Athens, when one of his scholars, the renowned Alcibiades, met him.

"Where are you going?" asked Socrates.

"To the temple, to pray," answered the young man.

"No," replied Socrates thoughtfully; "don't do that. You might ask for something that would only be harmful to yourself. We must wait till someone comes from heaven to teach us how we are to conduct ourselves toward God and toward our neighbor. Only a God can teach us this."

The story is told by Plato, who shares with Aristotle the title of greatest of Greek sages.

Only a God can instruct us. And God has not failed us in our need. He has given us a teacher from heaven, when the voice on Thabor said:

"This is my beloved Son; hear ye Him."

## HONOR THY FATHER

The teacher of a primary class was trying to show the children the difference between the natural and the man-made wonders, and was finding it rather hard.

"What," she asked, "do you think is the most wonderful thing man ever made?"

A little girl, whose parents were obviously harassed by the question of ways and means, replied as solemnly as the proverbial judge:

"A living for a family."

An agreeable and dazzling exterior often conceals many great and serious interior defects and vices, which are in the latter end subjects of chagrin and repentance.

# Pointed Paragraphs

## EASTER RESURRECTION

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Lent is over.

To Christ it meant the Passion completed, His sufferings consummated in His death on the Cross, the Redemption accomplished, His triumph over death, His glory after humiliation and apparent failure.

To Our Lady it meant the joy of seeing again her divine Son, the joy of knowing His exaltation. The Easter dawn must have been all the brighter for her for the love she bore her God and Son.

For us it must have an equally high, holy and joyous meaning. "Christ is Risen"—who that loves our Lord, who that has lived with Him through His Passion, who that is interested in his own soul's salvation, will not realize the deep significance of this day?

The better and more serious our Lent has been, the more joyous will our Easter be.

## THE CURTIS-REED BILL

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Dr. James H. Ryan, of the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, thus summarizes the principal points of the Curtis-Reed Education Bill:

"A department of education with a secretary of education at an annual salary of \$15,000. An assistant secretary and other officials and specialists would likewise be appointed.

The federal bureau of education and the federal board of vocational education would be abolished and, with other educational boards, would be transferred to the new department.

The creation of a federal conference on education to coordinate and improve the educational work of the government.

The sum of \$1,500,000 is appropriated annually for the expenses of the department.

The secretary may call national conferences of those interested in education."

## BEHIND THE BILL

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The reading of the Curtis-Reed Bill suggests some questions.

1. In what does it differ from its predecessors—the Smith-Towner Bills? Answer: It does not expressly assume federal control of the schools as the Smith Bill did; it does not appropriate \$100,000,000 annually to subsidize education in the states, as the Smith Bill did.

2. Who sponsor it? Answer: The National Educational Association and other organizations who were most enthusiastic about the Smith Bill and who are satisfied with the present Bill only because it might be a wedge to introduce all the features of the older Bill. Not conviction but caution inspires their advocacy.

3. Does opposing the Curtis-Reed Bill imply opposition to the Public School or legislation favorable to educational progress? Answer: Certainly not. Propagandists are quick to label opponents of the Bill with the odious name of enemies of the Public Schools. But this is a falsification.

4. What are the consequences of the Reed Bill likely to be? Answer: A step forward in the direction of nationalized education, an un-American if not un-Constitutional system; an injecting of political control into education,—a field where politics are particularly harmful; a strengthening of propagandists and lobbyists, who alone are clamoring for this nationalization of education; there is no popular demand for the creation of a department of education.

This is why we oppose the Curtis-Reed Bill. It will be as bad for the Public Schools as for the private schools.

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## THE UNSATISFACTORINESS OF AGNOSTICISM

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Herbert Spencer is generally cited as a prophet of science—in the modernized sense of the word—science that seems to pride itself in knowing nothing about God. He was an agnostic and did more almost than any other to spread agnosticism.

But it seems that his agnosticism, with all the acclaim it received, did not bring great satisfaction to his heart and spirit.

It is said, on the authority of Cardinal Gasquet, that he made this avowal one day, after a visit to a Catholic physician, Dr. Gasquet, brother of the cardinal. Dr. Gasquet was dying at the time. Herbert

Spencer visited him often during his illness. One day, as he came away from the doctor's bedside, he said to the Cardinal:

"That man is the most wonderful man I have known. He can discuss almost every question of interest to me, especially when I, at the close of my life, have come to see that so many of the things which I have previously taken for granted as proved by science, have become uncertain, or have been disproved.

"I fear your brother," he added, "will not last long, and to me it has been a revelation to find a man with absolute faith. I would give everything I have and am to have his Faith."

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### PRACTICAL PIETY

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St. Theresa, called the Great because of her preeminence in spiritual teaching, gives some excellent advice in regard to prayer. In her book, *The Interior Castle*, for instance, we find this passage, worthy of consideration because of its practical lessons:

"When I see souls so very careful about being attentive at their prayers, and about understanding them also, so that it seems they dare not so much as stir or divert their thoughts, lest they should lose the little pleasure and devotion they feel in their prayer, I then clearly discover how little they understand the way by which to arrive at union, because they suppose that the whole business consists in this.

"No, Sisters, no! Our Lord desires *works*. If then you see a sister sick, whom you can in any way relieve, never fear you will lose your devotion if you sympathize with her; if she be in pain, grieve with her, and if necessary, fast, that so she may have something to eat."

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### WHAT ONE MOTHER SAYS

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Kathleen Norris, in an article in the *March Catholic World*, talks to mothers regarding the education of their daughters. She has some very good and helpful things to say and we hope that her article, like a former one, will be published separately for distribution. Here is just one paragraph:

"Well, the truth is, we are lazy, we modern mothers. To raise our daughters,—and incidentally our sons, for what we teach our daughters is communicated to our sons and other women's sons,—to raise our daughters to be temperate, self-controlled, dignified, pure in

thought and desire as well as act, would mean that from their babyhood upward we must devote to them all the things we are too lazy to think about—much less attempt. Time, intelligence, prayer, example, companionship,—the very words exhaust us!"

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### FACE YOUR DIFFICULTY BOLDLY

"You scarcely believe it, but I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove. But to-day, when I began to plow for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock so I took a crow-bar, intending to poke around and find out its size once and for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find it was a little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

So it is with most of us; we shiver and shrink and fret over some difficulty which we do not even see distinctly or at all understand the nature of, whereas, if we would face it and call it by its right name, one-half of its terror would be gone.

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### I WANT TO BE

"It seems to me," writes Mr. Ellis Parker Butler, author of "Pigs is Pigs", "It seems to me that a man is a success when he accomplishes something he wants to accomplish; and by and large, there are five big wants that five kinds of men feel urging them. These are: the want to own,—the want to seem,—the want to know,—the want to do,—the want to be. I've a notion that the 'want to be' is the biggest and finest of these, and the 'want to seem' is the cheapest and tawdriest, and, possibly one of the most common."

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### A SUCCESS

"If a geranium in California does not grow all over the neighborhood, it has a right to consider itself a failure; but if a geranium slip that is picked up in the gutter and stuck in a tin-can and set on the window-ledge of an air-shaft tenement manages to put forth one blossom, it can call itself a success."

# Our Lady's Page

## Our Lady of Perpetual Help

### VOCATION

Recently I heard it read and said: "Scarcely a priest in the wide world but owes his vocation to the Mother of God!" Strong as the assertion may seem to many of my readers, still it is the truth. We are assured that Mary has such a wonderful care of God's Church that she will never allow this same Church to be wanting in any of those things that are necessary to its well-being and continuance. And for both the well-being and the continuance of the Church an ample number of priests is always necessary. Hence, we may rightly conclude that Mary will always see to it that there are enough priests in the world to carry on the work of God.

However, the Blessed Virgin does not appear to the young man choosing the priesthood and tell him that he is chosen. Not in that direct way does she see to the fulness of the number. It is the devotion of the young man who feels himself drawn to this exalted state to Mary which holds the key to his success.

We are told that the signs of a vocation are a strong desire to embrace the ecclesiastical state and the absence of any positive obstacle to this same state and its dignity. Such is in reality the beginning of any vocation: a strong desire to follow a certain mode of life. And everyone readily understands that there must be no obstacle to the accomplishment of the wishes of the neophyte.

So it is with the priesthood. Already in the tenderest years some inkling may be had of the future choice of the young man. He is following the ways of those who have gone before him in this respect. He loves to be around the altar; he loves to be in the company of those who are engaged at the altar; he loves to be serving whenever he is able to do so. It is a good sign. If besides this all he has the requisite talents—is up in his studies, he possesses another sign. And if he adds to these signs a tender and constant devotion to the Blessed Mother and her Son we are almost sure of his calling.

Now for the obstacles. His health must be such that he will not be

a victim to the "white plague" because of application to books. He must not have dependent parents or relatives. These things being absent in his case he surely has a vocation to the highest dignity to which man can be called.

We read in the lives of all holy priests that they had a tender and constant devotion to the blessed Mother. In the case of St. Albertus Magnus, the teacher of the famous St. Thomas Aquinas, we even read that he was not as talented as was required. Did he lament and weep over his want of talents? No. He began to beseech the Blessed Mother that she would obtain for him what knowledge might be necessary. That she did so is evident from the results.

St. Alphonsus, the founder of the Redemptorist Congregation, too, owned that he owed his vocation to work for the most abandoned to this good Mother. It was at her feet that he laid his sword before leaving the world. It was to her that he turned in the dark and stormy days of his early priesthood. It was from her that he obtained the assurance that his work would endure.

In our days there is perhaps a want of generosity on the part of young men to embrace a life as hard as that of the priest. More devotion to Mary would overcome the imaginary difficulties. There is also a lack of willingness on the part of some parents to allow their sons to enter the sanctuary. Again, devotion to the Blessed Mother will have this result, that the one called to this high vocation will find a way in spite of all obstacles.

Let us not oppose the call of God. Rather let us cooperate by our oft repeated prayer to the Mother of Perpetual Help that her Son may send many and good workers into the vineyard where the harvest is always ripe, but the workers often few.

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A Father writes: "On behalf of the writer, will you please be good enough to render public thanks, through your precious magazine, to Mary, Our Mother of Perpetual Help, for the successful outcome of a confinement case. A Mass in thanksgiving, which had been promised, has already been offered.

"I very much feared the approach of the day when we were to be blessed with another child, but contrary to all expectations, everything turned out wonderfully well. Mary helped more than I dared hope she would."

## Catholic Events

On the heels of the hearings on the Curtis-Reed Education Bill, which would create a federal department of education with a cabinet secretary at the head, and which is opposed by all who oppose federal bureaucracy, comes the news that a new bill has been introduced in the senate by Senator Phipps of Colorado. The new measure proposes to retain the present Bureau of Education, but strengthened and with enlarged facilities. The appropriations it receives are to be increased; the personnel of the Bureau is to be increased; a federal council on education consisting of one representative and one alternate appointed by each of the secretaries of the executive departments, is to be appointed, with the duty of "formulating and recommending educational policies among the executive departments and devising ways and means of improving the educational work of the federal government;" there is also provided a National Council of Education consisting of fifteen members to be appointed by the commissioner of education and "representing various public and private educational interests of the country." This council would form an advisory body to "maintain the closest possible relationship with educational agencies and to secure the benefit of competent advice and counsel."

Studies and investigations are to be made in the following fields: illiteracy; immigration education; public school education, including administrative organization, construction of school buildings, cost of education, and organization and arrangement of school curricula; physical education, including health education, recreation and sanitation; preparation and supply of competent teachers for public schools; higher education; and "such other educational matters and subjects as in the judgment of the Commissioner of Education may require attention and study."

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A letter from an American resident of Mexico City tells a dramatic and touching story of the ejection from their convent of Mother Semple and forty-eight Visitation nuns. It tells how the Sisters were forced to find dresses, since they were forbidden to go on the streets in their habits; how when the soldiers arrived at the convent the Sisters hurried to the chapel and consumed the Sacred Hosts lest they be desecrated; how the Mexican soldiers who conducted the expulsion declared that they had to do so if they did not want to be shot, and how they knelt for the Sister Superior's blessing; how the families of the pupils helped the Sisters as much as they could. Mother Semple and six of the Sisters are Americans. The American embassy would not interfere in their behalf.

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It was chiefly through the instrumentality of brave and fearless

women that the Rev. Fathers Feliciano Velas, C.Ss.R., Joaquin Sanchez, C.Ss.R., and Jose Moran, C.Ss.R., escaped the fury of their enemies in San Luis Potosi. They were hunted like criminals by Mexican government officials, forced to jump fences, and hide behind secluded walls. They had been warned by friends of the impending storm, so they were able to evade the wiles of their persecutors. They finally took refuge in the Spanish consulate and there they remained in safety. On Feb. 18, they were deported to Mexico City and placed under the jurisdiction of the department of the interior. Their enforced departure from San Luis Potosi proved a moral triumph over the physical force of their persecutors. Citizens by the thousands went to the depot to bid the Fathers adieu. It was a silent, yet eloquent tribute of the people to the noble character and splendid work of these victims of religious persecution. As the train pulled out, women cried, men and boys waved handkerchiefs and sombreros. Some followed the slow-moving train on foot. Others accompanied the exiles in the train. The party of exiles from San Luis Potosi was made up of eight Spanish priests: three Redemptorists, one Carmelite, two Franciscans and two Dominicans. The three Redemptorists are now working in San Antonio, Texas.

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The mystery of the state of relations between the United States and Mexican governments, said by many to be the most serious since Vera Cruz was occupied by the Navy in 1914, still continues, says a report. No information has been given out for more than two months. The man in the streets knows that notes have been exchanged concerning Mexico's oil and land laws, said to be confiscatory of a billion and a half dollars of American property in that country, and he knows also that refugees of the anti-religious persecutions of the Calles administration are arriving in America: all else is shrouded in secrecy.

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The Masonic Grand Lodge of Mexico on March 8, issued a proclamation supporting the program of the Calles administration for the enforcement of the constitutional provisions affecting religion.

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Catholics have entered upon a national three-day period of mourning in Mexico, "over the death of liberty in Mexico," as an answer to the action of the government in enforcing the anti-religious clauses of the radical constitution of 1917. This action was announced following a congress of representatives of the Mexican Knights of Columbus, the Union of Catholic Women, the Catholic Federation of Labor, the Mexican Association of Catholic Youth and the Mexican Association of Parents.

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Resistance by the populace to the attempt of the officials to close the church at Jolisqueello, Mexico, resulted in the death of Congressman Porres, the mayor of the town and a third person. This is the first blood that has been shed as a result of the administration in enforcing the anti-religious clauses of the constitution. It indicates that the tension is growing greater over all Mexico.

The Mexican Constitution of 1917, which is now being enforced by the Mexican Government, contains the following anti-religious enactments: Art. 3. No religious body or person may conduct primary schools; that is in all schools all instruction must be laical. Art. 5. No monasteries or convents are allowed to exist. Art. 27. No church institution may acquire, hold or administer real property or loans thereon; any real property or loans now so owned shall become property of the State; places of worship are the property of the nation, which shall limit the number to be used for religion. Residences of the clergy, seminaries, orphan asylums, colleges, and any other property used for the administration or teaching of religion, are to become the property of the State. No religious body or person may have anything to do with any charitable or educational or mutual aid or scientific institution. Art. 130. The state legislatures shall determine the maximum number of ministers of religion to any locality; only Mexicans by birth may be such ministers. No ministers may in public or private criticize the fundamental laws, the authorities in particular or the government in general; no minister may vote, hold office, or assemble for political purposes. Any new church must get permission of the government to open and operate. No religious paper may comment in any manner upon the political affairs of the nation, or publish any information regarding the acts of authorities. No trial by jury is allowed in cases of violation of the above provisions.

And this is the age of enlightenment!

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Former Chancellor Seipel of Austria, it is said, will leave shortly for an extended lecture tour in the United States.

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A new Catholic University has just been chartered in San Antonio, Texas, under the name of St. Mary's University. It is conducted by the priests and brothers of the Society of Mary. At present the institution is functioning as a college. It celebrated its 75th anniversary in 1927.

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Edward N. Hurley of Chicago has been awarded the Laetare Medal given each year by the University of Notre Dame to the lay Catholic most distinguished for service in behalf of religion, science and charity. Mr. Hurley is a millionaire who has taken an active interest in works of religion. He is the donor of the chapel at the new seminary at Mundelein, Ill.

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Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, in an address to the District of Columbia Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, vehemently denounced the Catholic Foundation Plan as one of the most dangerous movements in the entire field of Catholic education. It is a plan which seeks to satisfy the demand for Catholic education by taking Catholics into secular universities and augmenting their work there by additional instruction in religion under Catholic teachers.

## Some Good Books

*Bab Comes Into Her Own.* By Clementia. Published by Matre & Co., Chicago. Price \$1.50.

Here we have another of the wonderful "Mary Selwyn" stories. We can almost hear the shouts of joy and exultation with which the many friends and admirers of Mary will greet the new arrival. Surely, we need not assure these admirers that this addition to the series is a worthy companion of its predecessors, full of snap and action, interesting and wholesome. It is emphatically a book that will bring delightful hours to young and old.

*Jesus Our Friend.* By Rev. Charles J. White, S.J. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price, net, \$1.75.

How touching and full of appeal the invitation of the divine Saviour: "Come ye apart and rest a little!" And where shall we look for Him if not in the abode He has chosen for Himself—the tabernacle? These two thoughts must have been uppermost in the mind of Father White when he penned the twenty-four chapters which he has subtitled: Considerations for the Holy Hour. Thoughtful and prayerful reading of them cannot but awaken in the heart sentiments of love and trust and encouragement amidst all the variant moods of daily life.

*Whisperings of the Caribbean.* By Rev. Joseph J. Williams, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, net, \$2.00.

Years spent as a missionary in Jamaica, the "Isle of Springs" and the "Garden of the Indies", have given the author of this volume an intimate acquaintance with the history of the island, the habits, customs, and spiritual side of the natives. He has likewise had personal experience of the perilous storms and sudden disruptions to which the island is subject. All these he sets down in graphic style for the benefit of his readers. Numerous well-chosen illustrations enhance the telling.

For want of space we can merely call

the attention of our readers to the following smaller publications:

*The Mass for Children.* Instructions in story form for use in the primary grades, with colored drawings accompanying the text according to modern educational methods. Written by Rev. William R. Kelly, and published by Benziger Brothers. Price, 21c.

*Religion Hour.* Book One. Story-lessons in Conduct and Religion. Based on "Teacher Tells a Story". Written by Rev. Jerome D. Hannan, illustrated by Winifred Bromhall, and published by Benziger Brothers. Price, net, 21c.

*Visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament* and to the Blessed Virgin Mary for Each Day of the Month. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Published by the Redemptorist Fathers. Price: Leather, 60c; cloth, 50c; vest-pocket edition: Cloth, 15c; paper, 10c.

*Stations, or the Exercises of the Holy Way of the Cross.* Prepared by a Priest of the Mission. Published by John P. Daleiden Co., 1530 Sedgwick Street, Chicago. Price, postpaid, 10c.

*Our Queen's Treasure.* Prayers and Devotions for May and October to the Queen of Heaven. By Rev. F. J. Bergs. Published by John P. Daleiden Co., Chicago. Price, postpaid, 10c.

*Devotions to St. Anthony of Padua.* Compiled by Rev. F. J. Bergs. Published by John P. Daleiden Co., Chicago. 10c, postpaid.

*Counsels of Jesus to Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero.* Published by John P. Daleiden Co., Chicago. Price, postpaid, 5c.

*Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero.* The Spirit of the Servant of God. By the Very Rev. P. Duriaux. Published by John P. Daleiden Co., Chicago. Postpaid, 10c.

*The Four Great Evils of the Day.* Adapted from Cardinal Manning by Rev. F. J. Remler, C.M. Published by the Central Bureau, 3835 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo. Single copies, postpaid, 10c; dozen, \$1.00 plus postage; \$6.00 per hundred, plus postage.

# Lucid Intervals

Binks—Why do you always drink your coffee out of a saucer?

Jinks—Because if I drink it out of a cup, the spoon gets in my eye.

"Thank you so much for your song, my dear," said the elderly woman when the daughter of the house where she was visiting had finished her solo. "It took me back to my childhood days on my father's farm, and while I listened to your voice I seemed to hear the old gate creaking in the wind."

We wish to apologize for the manner in which we disgraced the beautiful wedding last week. Through an error we were made to say, "the roses were punk." What we meant to say was, "the noses were pink."

Diner, in restaurant (looking at the dish the waiter has just brought)—What's that, waiter?

Waiter (thinking he refers to the music)—It's a portion of "The Merry Widow," sir.

The waiter was taking the order of a pretty girl who was accompanied by a florid, podgy, middle-aged man.

"And how about the lobster?" the waiter inquired.

"Oh, he can order whatever he likes," came the startling reply.

Short-sighted Lady (in grocery)—Is that the head cheese over there?

Salesman—No, ma'am; that's one of his assistants.

"And you say dat li'lle baby is a gal?" inquired Parson Jones.

"Yas, sah."

"And is de odder one of the contrary sex?"

"Yes, sah. She am a gal, too."

"It's raining," said he.

"Oh, let it rain," she answered, determined to have the last word.

"I was going to," he replied meekly.

Old colored mammy—Ise wants a ticket fo' Florence.

Ticket agent (after 10 minutes of weary thumbing over railroad guides)—Where is Florence?

Old colored mammy—Settin' over dar on de bench.

"See here," said the angry visitor to the reporter, "what do you mean by inserting the derisive expression 'Applesauce' in parenthesis in my speech?"

"'Applesauce'? Great Scott, man, I wrote 'Applause.'"

Charles W. Sutro of Sutro & Co., San Francisco financial house, tells a story about Pres. Mortimer Fleishhacker of the Anglo-California Trust Co.

It seems that Mr. Fleishhacker asked a Pullman porter the amount of his average tip. The negro replied that the average amount was one dollar. Mr. Fleishhacker handed him a dollar. The porter caressed the silver coin affectionately and said: "Yassuh, boss, but you is de fust puhson what has come up to the average."

Customer—Do you really think sardines are healthy?

Grocer—Well, madam, I never heard one complain.

"I have been on this train seven years," said the conductor of a slowly-moving Southern train, proudly.

"Is that so?" said a passenger.

"Where did you get on?"

One of the Congregation—Do you ever talk in your sleep, Mr. Jones?

Preacher—Me? Oh, no! You see I have to do so much talking in other people's sleep.

Young Author, to publisher—I suppose, sir, you are familiar with my jokes.

Publisher—Oh, yes, I was familiar with them before you were born.

## Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communion, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

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Burse of St. Alphonsus (St. Alphonsus Parish, New Orleans, La.) .....	\$4,016.61
Burse of St. Mary (St. Mary's Parish, New Orleans, La.) ...	2,055.27
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.) .....	497.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Calif.) .....	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.) ...	2,007.00

\* \* \*

Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis), \$1,893.64; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church), \$3,342.53; Burse of St. Joseph, \$643.00; Burse of St. Francis Assissi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower; \$2,946.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$254.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$424.00; Burse of St. Peter, \$225.00; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$3,750.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$20.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$3.00; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$1.00; Mr. F. Henze Burse, \$750.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$544.25.

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## Books

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By St. Alphonsus.

Price: Leather, 60c; cloth,  
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